

The Mirror

OF

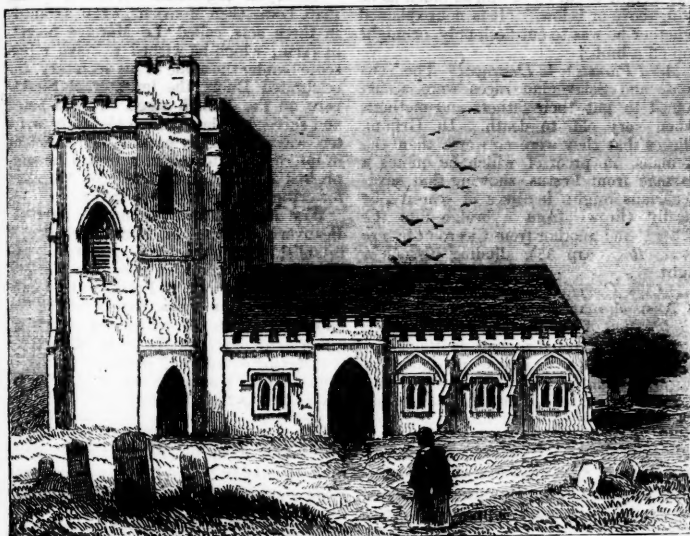
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 20.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1843.

[VOL. II. 1843.



Original Communications.

MEMBURY CHURCH.

THE subject of our engraving is the parish church of Membury, near Axminster, in Devon, situated in a rich valley under the Black Down hills. It is remarkable in the neighbourhood for the height of its tower, but more interesting to the general antiquary as containing some curious monuments of the ancient family of Fry, seated at Tarty house, a family which long held a distinguished position among the gentry of Devon, and claimed to be descended from the Royal house of Plantagenet. Risdon, in his quaint style, says of this parish—

“Membury, more properly Maimburgh, is also a member of Axminster, where the maimed men in King Athelstane's age, after that great overthrow of the Danes, were sent to be relieved, in which place the ruins of a castle yet remain. It is to be observed that many places, towns, and

No. 1189]

cities have borrowed their names of enterprises there achieved, for—

“‘Whence the name,
Thence commonly the fame.’

The like hath been in other kingdoms, and may especially be noted in the Scriptures, where, in Genesis and other books thereof, often mention is made.”

Polwhele, however, thinks that the place was named from the castle there, as Membury means a stony castle or burrow. The church, which was built about the end of the 13th century, is dedicated to St John the Baptist, and the living is a perpetual curacy annexed to the vicarage of Axminster in the archives and diocese of Exeter; but though its church is a chapel of ease to Axminster, Membury is a distinct parish.

In the church is a monument to Sir Shilston Calwady, who was killed at the siege of Ford Abbey, Feb. 3rd, 1645-6, besides which there is no tomb of note, except those in the “Tarty, or Fry aisle,”

[VOL. XLIII.

as it is called, being enclosed in a carved oak screen surmounted with the Fry arms. The principal of these monuments is a mural one against the south wall formerly painted and gilded, but now ruinous and defaced. It exhibits an entablature and cornice supported by columns, and ornamented with smiling cherubs, and coats of arms, &c., beneath which are the effigies of a man and woman kneeling opposite to each other, with a desk and books between them; their hands are uplifted in the attitude of Rovers, and they are habited in the costume of the 17th century, each with a large ruff round the neck. Underneath the figures is a tablet with the following inscription:—

"Here lie the bodies of Nicholas Fry, of Teartie, Esq., who died the 25th of October, 1632, in the 79th yeare of his age, and of Elynor, his wyfe, the daughter of John Brett, of Whitstanton, in the countee of Somerset, Esq.; she died the 28th of March, 1619, in the . . . th yeare of her age. they liewed in wedlocke 37 yeares, and had issue 4 sonnes and 6 daughters.—Willyam, their eldest sonne, who married Marye, the youngest dau^r of John Tonge, of Colyton, Esq.—Henric, their second sonne, who married Elizabeth, youngest dau^r of Richard Parrett, of Buckereil, Gent.—Nicolas, their third sonne, who died an infante.—John, their fourth sonne, who yett liveth unmarried. Margerette, their eldest dau^r, who married Robert Ashford, of . . . Newell, Esq.—Elizabeth, their 2nd dau^r, who married Henry Worth, of Worth, Esq.—Bridgett, their 3rd dau^r, who married Edward Pyne, of East Downe, Esq.—Anne, their 4th dau^r, who died an infante.—Alice, their 5th dau^r, who married Henry Luscombe, of Luscombe, Esq.; and Agnes, their youngest dau^r, who married Gideon Sherman, of Knightston, Esq."

At the top of the monument is a coat of arms carved in stone and painted—quarterly, first, gules, three horses courant ar. in pale (Fry); second, sa. a fess. engr. betw. three mullets ar. (Bratton); third, sa. a lion ramp. ar. (Mathew); fourth ar. three mallards gu. (Tartie); crest, a horse's head erased argent.

In front of the desk, between the kneeling figures, is a shield with their coat armorial, viz., Fry, as above, impaling ar. remée of cross corslets gu. a lion ramp. of the last (Brett). Beneath the brackets which support the monument, and on each side of the tablet, is a shield, but the arms are defaced excepting one, which is Fry impaling gu. a chevron between three cones or. (Pyne).

In the south east corner of the aisle is a large tablet of black and white marble, ornamented with sculpture, and the following inscription in gilt letters:—

"In memory of Robert Fry, of Tearty, Esq., who married Frances, ye dau^r of Joseph Langton, of Newton park, in ye county of Somerset, Esq., by whom he had 1 son and 6 dau^{rs} who all died young save Elizabeth, who was married to John, Lord King, Baron of Ockham, she died 28 Jany. —, etat 23, who lies also here interred without issue:—the said Robert Fry, descended from John Fry, of Tearty, and Agnes, his wife, the only dau^r and heiress of Tearty, of Tearty, Esq., and which said John was the son of John Fry, of Finiton, Esq., and Jane, dau^r of Edmund, Duke of Somerset, ye grandson of John of Gaunte, Duke of Lancaster, who was ye son of King Edward the Third.

"Robert Fry, obiit Jany. 1725.

"Frances Fry, obiit 24 Decr. 1730, etatis sue 50.

"From John Fry afore-mentioned descended Henry Fry, now of Deer park, Esq.; Gilbert Fry, late of Wood, in this county, Esq.; Bernard Fry, yett afore of Dulcis, Esq., whose only dau^r and heiress was married to Geo. Southcott, 2nd son of Thomas Southcott, of Calverly, Esq., and gt. grandfather to Geo. Southcott, now of Dulcis, Esq.

"This monument was erected pursuant to the directions of ye last will and testament of the said Frances Fry, by Raymondo Brett, Richard Hallett, and Geo. Southcott, Esq^{rs} exors in trust therein named for Joane, Margrett, Elizabeth, dau^{rs} of John Fry, uncle to the aforesaid Henry Fry, Esq., anno 1742."

Above the tablet is a shield with the arms of Fry impaling quarterly sa. and or. over all a beudlet ar. (Langton).

Against the eastern wall is an elegant mural monument, consisting of the bust of a young female surrounded by flowers, very well sculptured in white marble; beneath it a tablet with the following inscription:—

"Frances, dau^r of Robert Fry, of Tearty, Esq., by Frances, his wife, dyed 18 March, 1718, et sue 17, who, disconsolate for her loss, erected this monument to her dear memory:—

"Stop, passenger! and view ye mournful shrine,
Which holds ye reliques of a form divine.
O! she was all perfection, heavenly fair,
And chaste and innocent as vestals are,
Her wit, her humour, and her youth conspired
To warm the soul, and all who saw admired.
But, ah! how soon was all this heaven of charms
Rifted by Death, and withered in his arms;
Too soon for us, but not for her too soon,
For now upon ye wings of angels flown
Her native skies she's by her God carest,
And keeps the eternal sabbath of ye blest.
Learn hence, believers (good reader), to be wise,
This trifling world and all its joys despise;
With each high virtue let thy bosom swell,
And live like her, yt you may dye so well."

Above the monument the arms of Fry in a lozenge.

On the chancel floor a stone bearing the

arms of Fry in a lozenge, and the following inscription:—

"In memory of Mrs Elinour Fry, youngest daughter of Wm. Fry, of Tarty, Esq., who died August 27, A.D. 1705, aged 83—

"Who, whilst she lived a virgin pure,
Desired her dust might rest secure,
With grave beneath this stone, before
The last trump soundeth times no more."

Of four hatchments affixed to the walls two are defaced, the others exhibit—

First. Shield with the arms ar., a satire engr. betw. four roses gu. leafed vest, and beneath it,

"In memori ave Domine Annæ uxoris
Johannes Fry de Tearty Devoniensi Armig,
Quæ unica fuit filia Roberti Napier de
Puncknolle Dorcestrensis Armig. Ob. 25 de Mar.
Anno Dom. 1683—ætat 39.

Second. Fry impaling Langton, with a Greek inscription.

In the window of the aisle is lying an oaken frame containing a shield with a helmet, &c., cast in plaster and painted; the arms of Fry impaling ar. a wivern gu. (Drake of Ash).

In a future number we may perhaps give a description of Tarty House, the seat of the Fry family, which is in the parish of Membury, about three miles from Axminster, now partly inhabited as a farm house, the rest in ruins.

Note.—These monuments were much defaced, about a century ago, during a lawsuit pending between Lord King and a branch of the Fry family, concerning the Tarty estates, as they conveyed unwelcome intelligence.

THE REVOLT IN HEIDELBERG.

Being a full, true, and particular Account of its Rise, Progress, and Suppression on the ever memorable 20th and 21st of September, 1843.

(Concluded.)

WHAT WAS now to be done? he had gone to the capital, no doubt to complain to the higher authorities of the remissness of the Burgomaster in suffering the mob to proceed to such extremities. The advice of the Council, however, was no longer necessary; and the Burgomaster, after thanking them for their prompt attendance, politely hinted that they might evaporate.

The great man now betook himself to his pipe, his dressing gown, and his reflections. Dinner was announced; the Burgomaster heard it not; he was still buried in thought and in smoke. "I've got it!" he exclaimed at length, just as his wife came to ascertain the reason of his non-appearance.—"What?" inquired the lady. "Nothing, my dear," responded the grave man, and followed his spouse to the dining room.

All that day, as may be imagined, the occurrences of the preceding evening were the sole topics of conversation. The expressions reported to have been used by the clergyman were in everybody's mouth; and everybody, before retailing it to his neighbour, made some slight addition or improvement, according to the suggestion of a more or less fertile imagination; so that by two o'clock in the afternoon it was the opinion of the whole town that it served him right; and that, but for the presence of the mourners, he ought to have been stoned in the churchyard. Then, too, it was discovered by somebody, who told it to somebody else, who told it to everybody else, that at Bretten, a small town where he had formerly held a cure, his house had also been stormed by the people; and on its being universally known that he had gone to Carlsruhe, the bolder spirits said it was lucky for him, though nobody could indicate exactly wherein the "luck" consisted.

About six in the evening the *gendarmes*, to the number of five-and-twenty, were seen to issue from the Town hall, and to march up the High street, in the direction of the Sandgasse. Sundry little boys, impelled by curiosity, followed to see where they were going. Presently a few idlers joined the party; and by the time the Sandgasse was reached, there might have been some thirty lookers on. The Burgomaster had despatched the *gendarmes* to preserve the preacher's house from further indignities, although it is quite certain that it had not entered into the head of any person to begin the disturbance over again. The little boys were now ordered to disperse, which, as might have been expected, only had the effect of increasing their numbers. On endeavouring to enforce their orders with the butt-ends of their muskets, they were assailed with groans, and as the darkness came on the crowd gained materially in numbers and boldness. By eight o'clock the apprentices had joined the mob; soon after came the stable-boys, their friends, and the chimney-sweep; and now the murmurs of the crowd were changed into actual hostilities on a small scale, in the shape of a small pebble coming occasionally from the background.

"My friends!" exclaimed a thin voice from between two *gendarmes*; it was the Burgomaster's. "My friends! what means this tumultuous assemblage? I warn you all, in the name of his Royal Highness the Grand Duke Leopold—"

"Stop your jaw! old pig's head!" shouted the sweep; and the Burgomaster hastily took refuge behind his escort.

At this moment a reinforcement of twelve *gendarmes* from Mannheim appeared, and were greeted with hootings from the now formidable assemblage; torches

were brought by order of the Burgomaster, though for what purpose it is impossible to say. These last auxiliaries seemed to irritate the crowd more than all the rest, and no wonder, for by their light it would be comparatively easy to recognize the disturbers of the peace. Shouts of "Out with the torches," and volleys of stones succeeded; then a rush, and the torch-bearers were overwhelmed and borne to the ground. All was again darkness and tumult.

"Fire!" commanded the leader of the *gendarmes*, and instantly the roar of muskets was heard. For a moment the mob was staggered, and two ran clear off. Finding, however, that no one had fallen, or been wounded, they comprehended that it was only a trick to frighten them by firing over their heads. The scuffle now became general, blows and broken heads were exchanged. The Burgomaster, like a wise man, retired from the scene of action; he was not paid to be thrashed. The stable-boys did wonders; but the champion commanding universal admiration was the sweep. He had cleverly tripped up a Mannheim *gendarme*, and was now engaged in performing a *pas seul* on his prostrate carcase, at the same time vociferously shouting to the others to come on. The battle was long and stout; ten o'clock had struck; the *gendarmes* still fought bravely, but the odds against them were overpowering, seeing that they were only allowed to make use of the butt-ends of their muskets. Their captain did not venture to command them to fire upon the crowd without authority, and the Burgomaster had vanished no one knew where.

The weaker party was gradually losing ground, when the rattle of drums in the distance caused an instant cessation of hostilities. The stable-boys looked aghast, the chimney-sweep arrested a blow that would certainly have laid the captain sprawling had it fallen on him; and the mob left off shouting.

"The soldiers from Mannheim!" exclaimed the *gendarmes*. The soldiers! the soldiers! was echoed from mouth to mouth. A moment's pause, and then a general flight ensued. Down one lane, up another. Every one for himself, and devil take the hindmost. First prostrate lies the butcher's man, and three more tumble over him. "Oh Lord! oh Lord! the soldiers! the soldiers!" roared one and all, and in a second had scrambled to their feet again, and were gone. In less than two minutes not a soul was to be seen in the streets, save a small party of exhausted *gendarmes*.

R-r-r-r-rub-r-r-r-rub-r-r-rub-a-dub-a-dub! went the drums, and the peaceable inhabitants, who had long since retired to rest, thronging the windows with their night-capped heads, beheld a formi-

dable force of infantry marching rapidly down the High street, the drums beating, as if the town was to be taken by storm at the very least. Many of the frightened, half-sleepy creatures at the windows expected nothing less.

The Burgomaster, seeing the turn things were taking, on leaving the scene of action, had sent off an express by the railway to Mannheim, requesting military assistance; a troop of 250, under the command of Colonel Schnurbart, had been immediately despatched, and, on arriving, were not sorry to find that there was nothing further to do than to rest after the fatigue of twenty minutes' travelling by steam. The officers were lodged at the principal hotel, "the Court of Baden," and the men accommodated with a shake down in what had formerly been the mad-house.

Danger being now at an end, the Burgomaster felt himself called upon to assert his dignity, by issuing an order to the effect that, if more than three persons were seen assembled together in the street, after dusk, they would be arrested. All masters were to keep their apprentices at home; all public-houses to be cleared of guests and closed by ten o'clock. All persons found abroad after this hour, unless necessitated by business, to be arrested, &c. &c.

Next morning the order was pasted up at all the street-corners. No further disturbance being feared, the military returned to Mannheim the same afternoon, and investigations were commenced for finding out the ringleaders. A reward being offered, one of the stable boys, not thinking himself sufficiently indemnified for his trouble by his employer, Kepler, and having no objection to earn an honest penny at any time, gave the requisite information, and in a few hours mine host of the Prince Max, the other stable boys, and chimney-sweep Meyes, were in the hands of the police.

Some days later, Parson Sable returned, and resumed his duties as usual; and the Burgomaster received a hint that his prompt behaviour in sending for the military and capturing the malcontents, was highly approved of in the capital. The worst part of it was, that as the troops had been sent for on the Burgomaster's authority alone, the Council, judging by the result, vowed that there was no occasion for them, and that they would never consent to the citizens paying for so needless an expenditure. The probability, therefore, is that the Burgomaster will have to defray the costs out of his own pocket. It is to be hoped, however, that the government will reimburse him.

The troops, too, on their return to Mannheim, having related that they had been quartered in the mad-house, or, as the

Germ
unme
who
them
which
until
short
broad
The
Keple
is fu
the p
short
gate,
will
gain.
misfe
his c
"pau
certa
nish
and
On
as it
tered
by s
own
to e
hom
pass
tent
that
but
with
his
aga
inju
bee
is s

Germans also call it, fool's-house, were so unmercifully derided by their comrades, who saw fit, on this account, to regard them as fools, that a serious tumult arose, which the officers were unable to suppress until skulls had been cracked and noses broached.

The stable boys, the sweep, and Mr Kepler, have not yet been examined; it is fully expected that they will have the pleasure of being imprisoned for a few short months in the tower of the bridge-gate, and that the last-named gentleman will have to pay a smart fine into the bargain. No one pities him. He has the misfortune to be enormously stout, and his enemies chuckle at the idea of his "paunch," as they maliciously term a certain rotundity of figure, being diminished in circumference by at least a foot and a half.

On the second night of the "revolution," as it is now called, Stogun's shop was entered, and his till carried off, doubtless by some person who mistook it for his own. Neither was Butcher Miller allowed to escape unpunished, for on returning home the same evening, somebody in his passage, probably with the charitable intention of easing his till of any loose cash that might chance to be there, seized the butcher by the throat, and overthrew him with such violence, preparatory to making his escape, that his cranium, striking against a stone-step, received so severe an injury, that to this very day he has not been able to make up his mind whether he is standing on his head or his heels.

THE RIVULET.

(By Bryant, the American Poet.)

THIS little rill, that from the springs
Of yonder grove its current brings,
Plays on the slope awhile, and then
Goes prattling into groves again,
Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet, when life was new.
When woods in early green were drest,
And from the chambers of the west
The warmer breezes, travelling out,
Breathed the new scent of flowers about,
My truant steps from home would stray,
Upon its grassy side to play,
List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
And crop the violet on its brim,
With blooming cheek and open brow,
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came,
And I had grown in love with fame,
Duly I sought thy banks, and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side.
Words cannot tell how bright and gay
The scenes of life before me lay.
Then glorious hopes, that now to speak
Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Passed o'er me; and I wrote on high
A name I deemed should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill
The tall old maples, verdant still,

Yet tell, in grandeur of decay,
How swift the years have passed away,
Since first, a child, and half afraid,
I wandered in the forest shade.
Thou, ever joyous rivulet,
Dost dimple, leap, and prattle yet;
And sporting with the sands that pave
The windings of thy silver wave,
And dancing to thy own wild chime,
Thou laughest at the lapse of time.
The same sweet sounds are in my ear
My early childhood loved to hear;
As pure thy limpid waters run,
As bright they sparkle to the sun:
As fresh and thick the bending ranks
Of herbs that line thy oozy banks;
The violet there, in soft May dew,
Comes up, as modest and as blue;
As green, amid thy current's stress,
Floats the scarce-rooted water cress;
And the brown ground-bird in thy glen
Still chirps as merrily as then.

Thou changest not—but I am changed,
Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged;
And the grave stranger, come to see
The play-place of his infancy,
Has scarce a single trace of him
Who sported once upon thy brim.
The visions of my youth are passed—
Too bright, too beautiful to last.
I've tried the world—it wears no more
The colouring of romance it wore.
Yet well has Nature kept the truth
She promised to my earliest youth;
The radiant beauty shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God,
Shows freshly to my sobered eye
Each charm it wore in days gone by.

A few brief years shall pass away,
And I all trembling, weak, and grey,
Bowed to the earth, which waits to fold
My ashes in the embracing mould,
(If haply the dark will of fate
Indulge my life so long a date),
May come for the last time to look
Upon my childhood's favourite brook.
Then dimly on my eye shall gleam
The sparkle of thy dancing stream,
And faintly on my ear shall fall
Thy prattling current's merry call:
Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright
As when thou metst my infant sight.

And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try,
And pass to hoary age and die.
But thou, unchanged from year to year,
Gaily shalt play and glitter here;
Amid young flowers and tender grass
Thy endless infancy shall pass;
And, singing down thy narrow glen,
Shall mock the fading race of men.

Auro-Cyanide of Potassium.—Mr A. Meillet describes this crystallized salt as far better for electro-gilding than the solutions generally employed. He procures it by adding pure cyanide of potassium to a saturated solution of perfectly neutral chloride of gold. On evaporation the salt crystallizes in very white scales of a pearly lustre.

A RUN IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—The morning after my arrival I found myself in the midst of a country truly delightful. Before me was the Clyde, the father-stream of Scotland, carrying on its useful waters a crowd of vessels of all kinds, for passengers and goods, of steam and sailers, smacks and Indiamen, bound for every port, and presenting on its beautiful banks views of exquisite, and, in some respects, unrivalled scenery. Opposite to me was the park of Lord Blantyre, whose father was so unfortunately killed by a stray shot during the Belgian revolution, when gratifying the natural, perhaps irresistible, curiosity of looking on the intense strife of a people "struggling to be free." His lordship has very lately, I see by the papers, been so happy as to be honoured with the hand of a daughter of the excellent Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and with—what no doubt is also an addition even to that happiness—a substantial dowry of 80,000*l*. I suppose that now the hospitalities of Blantyre House will be revived, and that the gloom which a long minority has spread over the place will be dissipated by the all-cheering presence of a young, accomplished, and aristocratic bride. Behind me were the Kilpatrick hills, and not far off the town of Kilpatrick itself, which possesses a claim to honour little known or suspected in the south, as being the birth-place of St Patrick, and from which fact it no doubt owes its present name. The legendary lore of the place also claims the kirkyard as the sacred spot where the bones of Erin's Saint repose, and says that all the soil of the kirkyard was brought from Ireland. But this is one of the disputed questions of history, and I have no doubt a Downpatrick man would be very ready with arguments to convince you that *there*, and not in Scotland, was the Saint interred, according to the verses of his country—

"These three in Down, lie in tombone,
Briget, Patrius and Columba pious."

Such points must be left, like Homer's burial place, to the uncertainty in which Time has involved them, for, alas! there is little chance of additional light being thrown upon them by discoveries in our day. The highest rock in the neighbourhood (Dumbuck) is also associated with legends of the Saint, for he is stated to have entertained an idea, compared to which the wildest notions of La Mancha's Knight were sane and reasonable, viz., the expulsion of witchcraft from Strathclyde! and this, mark you, not in the seventeenth century, as late as which era even all the judges of the land were devoted adherents to its belief, but in the fourth. And the legend further says, that compelled to flee from his native

town, the avenging furies, Polyphemus-like, tore from the shattered side of Dumbuck half the rock, and like the baffled giant, hurled it at the head of the flying, but triumphant, Saint! The whirling fragment was buried in the sands where the Leven contributes its gentle and classic stream to the troubled waters of the Clyde, at the point were the land of the ancient Pict was divided from the country of the fair-haired Saxon,—and thus was formed Dumbarton's rock! Hence the expatriation of St Patrick; hence the extirpation of reptiles (at least of the animal tribe) from the Emerald Isle; hence the conversion of its sons to the Catholic faith; hence Daniel O'Connell; and last, not least, hence Repeal!

At no great distance from Dumbarton, higher up the Clyde, is Dunglass Castle, the termination, according to Scotch antiquaries, of the Roman wall of Agricola, and now a very pleasing ruin. The stones of the old wall, which, if this be true, have stood 1700 years the wear and tear of the elements, are covered with what Horace calls *hedera vis*, and which has been happily translated "a power of ivy." On this wall is now erected a pillar to the memory of Henry Bell, a man who had the rare and proud distinction of introducing into Europe, on the river Clyde, the first steam-boat! Thirty years ago the 'Comet' started from Glasgow amid the jeers of the many and the doubts even of the reflecting—met with the misfortune of running aground a few miles from Glasgow—but eventually established itself as a working, practical, and infinitely beneficial thing in this world of ours. Now, up and down the Clyde, sixty steam vessels daily ply! of all sizes, and with every species of accommodation, and for every kind of voyage, from the magnificent 'Achilles,' bound for Liverpool, with its engines of 500-horse power, and fitted up like the palaces of princes, to the steamers for Greenock and Ellensborough, and all the beautiful fairy-like villages on the Clyde, which those very steamers have called into existence. Honoured, indeed, be the memory of Henry Bell! But the monument erected to him is a disgrace to the Clyde. It should be replaced by some splendid memorial worthy of the people and the stupendous event it is intended to commemorate, for to whom, after Sir Walter and Watt, are the Scotch people so much indebted as to the man who has really made the river a highway for millions? I hope another year will not pass without some efficient steps being taken to erect a monument of a fitting kind, with a suitable inscription. Spreading away at a few miles distance are the hills of Loch Lomond, surmounted by the renowned Ben! Nothing can be more beautiful than a ramble over the Kilpatrick hills. The view is perfectly superb. You have the vale or strath of

Clyde before you, and at one point you may see nearly a hundred miles, and seven counties! On one side the hills of Argyllshire, "robed in their azure hue," and on the other the range of hills between Edinburgh and Glasgow, with the fertile and well-tilled plains of Ayrshire, Renfrewshire, Dumbartonshire, and Lanarkshire before you, and the river itself flowing proudly between. If one were disposed to criticise such scenery, I should say that the river is too narrow till it reaches Dumbarton, when it swells away in breadth and volume truly grand!

Our first visit was to Dumbarton Castle, which surmounts the rock that rises perpendicularly about 600 feet from the river, and it puzzled me, even after inspecting the place, how Captain Crawford ever could have scaled it.* It commands a fine panoramic view. The Clyde winds so much a few miles below Dumbarton, that from the summit of that rock it appears like a lake, the coast of Renfrewshire forming one side, the hills of Argyllshire another, and the Dumbartonshire bank of the river the third. The town of Dumbarton itself is extremely picturesque. We visited all that remains of the Catholic college, which centuries ago diffused the blessings of religion and knowledge among the inhabitants of Clydesdale and western Scotland. The Leven, which encircles the town, having flowed a few miles from Loch Lomond, at a place called Balloch, which in Gaelic means the point whence a river issues from a loch, runs through a vale called, after itself, Leven-aux, and thence contracted into the well-known word Lennox. Leven has been celebrated, like Loch Lomond, by the celebrated Smollett, who, you are aware, was born on its banks, and has a monument there erected to his memory, for which Dr Johnson wrote the famous inscription beginning "*Siste viator.*" On examining the interior of the castle, we were shown the *genuine* (?) two-handed sword with which the renowned Wallace used, like the Douglas, to "shear away" the limbs of our English ancestors. One might be disposed, perhaps, to say "*Credat Judeas, non ego,*" but I own on all such occasions I feel with Washington Irving, willing to believe everything not absolutely impossible.

* Dumbarton was only once captured, and that by surprise. In 1571, during the civil war that so furiously raged between the adherents of Queen Mary and the Regent Murray, Captain Crawford, of Jordan Hill, a gallant and enterprising officer, surprised and took the Castle on behalf of the Regent. This daring feat is recorded, with his characteristic power, by Dr Robertson, '*Hist. of Scotland,*' book vi. The gallant captain and his descendants (one of whom I have the pleasure to know in the person of my friend K.—) for this signal service was authorized, by special grant, to bear as a crest on their coat of arms, "Dumbarton Castle," with the proud motto "*Expugnavi.*"

Of course, on another day, we visited Loch Lomond; and I and K.— spent two or three days, going by railway and coach to Stirling, and reaching the loch by that gem of gems, Loch Katerine, and walking across the country of the Macgregor to Inversnaid. But, exquisite as was our enjoyment of that trip, you, and all those to whom you may show these letters, are so familiar with the *show-scene* of Scotland, that I feel it unnecessary to say anything about it, except that it brought home vividly to my mind the impression of the omnipotence of genius. Every spot of ground for forty or fifty miles acquired an interest tenfold greater than even its own loveliness could have given it by the magic veil that has been thrown over it by the Great Romancer, or rather *Nec-romancer*, of the North. But you know what an enthusiast I am for Sir Walter, and therefore I need say no more on that subject.

We made occasional trips up and down the Clyde, to Rothsay, &c., which these countless steamers enable you so easily and so economically to do. No wonder they are always crowded. Frequently a trip is arranged for the public convenience by the proprietors of one of these boats, which, for a very small sum, enables people to travel a great distance, through some of the finest scenery in the world. For instance, once a fortnight during the season the lieges of Edinburgh are enabled to go by the *first-class* train to Glasgow, and thence by the saloon of the steamer to Rothsay, and back in the same manner, a distance of 180 miles, for eight shillings! And this liberal arrangement, I understand, is self-rewarding to the spirited proprietors; as, indeed, all such arrangements are invariably found to be. The increased numbers who will partake of an enjoyment so great, and thus unexpectedly thrown open to them, amply compensate for the loss of the price that might be obtained from the aristocratic few. Such trips are *public benefits* as well as *private pleasures*. I wish they were more frequently imitated north and south of the Tweed!

Of course we occasionally went to Glasgow. Great improvements are going on in this "second city of the empire." The trustees of the Clyde are building a dock for small craft above the bridge at the Broomielaw, which said bridge, you will be doubtless surprised to find, is twelve feet wider than *London* bridge! The object of this improvement is, of course, like the removal of our colliers from the Pool, to enable the large vessels to be moored below the bridge, without being encumbered by all kinds of craft. The banks of the river near Glasgow are gradually being converted into docks and quays. On the western side of the city the tide of fashion

is running, as in London, and every year some new squares enlarge the boundary of the city, and show the progressive state of its inhabitants. Splendid club houses adorn the city. Homage is being paid to the great men of Scotland, by erecting statues to Sir Walter, Watt, and Sir John Moore (the two last natives of Glasgow), which adorn St George's square. Two noble lines of railways already terminate in the city; and such is the increase of shipping, that the annual revenue of the river derived from vessels alone is now nearly 50,000! I had the advantage of being shown over Glasgow by an admirable cicerone—a man of literary and antiquarian information, who has watched the progress of Glasgow with intelligent interest for fifty years, and whom I have advised to write its annals, under the title of 'Chronicles of the Trongate.' He duly showed me the house in which Oliver Cromwell lived when at Glasgow, the printing house of the renowned Foulis, and the "whereabout" of the never-to-be-forgotten Baillie Nicol Jarvie, the mirror of magistrates, the prince of commercial correspondents, the warmest of friends, the noblest of weavers! The Cathedral and the University you may be sure I visited. But what surprised me extremely was the interesting Cemetery. This noble spot for interment consists of a hill, immediately adjoining the Cathedral, and has been admirably laid out in a series of galleries, so as to give the greatest possible quantity of ground for walking in the space. It commands at all points fine views of the distant country, and the mighty city at its base, whose inhabitants, busy as the summer bees, must, within half a century, gradually find their way to its noiseless precincts. No place can be better adapted for such an object, nor a more improving exercise for the mind and feelings be undertaken, than a walk along its monumental galleries at that hour which the greatest of living poets selected for viewing London—"when all that mighty heart is lying still," and musing on the changes that must happen alike to individuals and nations, bring back the mind to the *certainties* and *durabilities* of existence, too often forgotten amid its hubbub and passing occurrences. The Scotch have done due honour to their great Protestant hero, by erecting a splendid monument to Knox on the summit of the Sepulchral hill, whence he seems to survey with gratified pride the subject cathedral. The gorbals of Glasgow have increased from 3,000 or 4,000 to 70,000, in the last forty years, and that the population of Glasgow has increased in the last twenty years from 143,000 to upwards of 300,000.

On the Sunday we went to the Free Kirk, amid the hills of Kilpatrick. You know the great stir that this question,

pre-eminently with our Scotch brethren the question of questions, has recently made, from the Pentland to the Solway Friths. Your active and inquiring mind, desirous of learning everything that relates to the moral history of your species, has put you in possession of the chief points involved in that "great argument." And you also know the deep sympathy which I have for all *enthusiasms*; you know well, as you have often heard me argue, that I feel *enthusiasm* to be the great moral power which keeps the world in check, and prevents its *selfishness*, and littleness, and eternal *money-gettings* from having their full swing, and turning us all into specimens of the species *humdrum*. You will, therefore, know with what interest I went to the wooden shed, under the conduct of my friend K— (who is an ardent sympathiser with the non-intrusionists), in which three hundred of my fellow beings were assembled, in obedience to what *they* felt to be the dictates of conscience, in assertion of what *they* thought principles of eternal truth, in defiance of what *they* thought domineering error. The service was, like all Scotch worship, effective and impressive; but, to my *southern* feelings, *too long*. It lasted almost three hours, which is nearly twice as long as religious services at any one time ought to be. I object to this the more confidently, because I observed some of the congregation, whose devotion and attention had been as great as others, become wearied. But the respectability of the appearance and of the conduct of these seceders (who claim, perhaps justly, to be the "Reformed Kirk")—their devout and sincere attention to the duties of the day—the serious, but not gloomy, aspect which reigned among them—were, I confess, to me extremely grateful. "From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs," said her bard, who had well watched their remotest operation, albeit himself unhappily too little attentive to the lessons they are so strongly adapted to teach. And long may they continue! to give strength and ornament to her people, to consecrate her rugged soil, to shed around her hills and moors an influence to which nothing else can compare, and *for* which nothing else can be a substitute, which give to poverty its wealth, to misery its consolation, to life its dignity, and to death its hope!

Your affectionate brother,

ALFRED.

Mendicant Refinement.—In Dresden, a little ragged child was heard to call from the window of a mean house, to her opposite neighbour,—"Please, Mrs Miller, mother sends her best compliments, and if it is fine weather, would you go a-begging with her to-morrow?"



Arms. Per pale, az. and gu. three lions, rampant, ar.

Crest. A wivern, wings elevated vert, holding in the mouth a sinister hand, couped at the wrist ar.

Supporters. Dexter, a panther, rampant guardant, ar., spotted of various colours, first issuing from the mouth and ears, ducally gorged az.; sinister, a lion ar., gorged with the ducal coronet gu.

Motto. "Ung je serveray." "One I serve."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF PEMBROKE.

FROM Maud, his grandmother, William Herbert, Lord of Ragland, in Monmouthshire, inherited the lordship. That lady was heiress to Sir John Morley, whose descent is derived from Henry, the son of Herbert Fitz Herbert, chamberlain to King Henry the First, or, according to some writers, from Henry Fitzroy, one of the natural sons of that monarch. The latter descent the Welsh heralds held to be perfectly clear. William, the representative of the family, resided at Ragland Castle, in the county of Monmouth, in the time of Henry the Fifth. For the bravery which he displayed in the war with France he was knighted. He sat in Parliament in the second year of King Edward the Fourth, and in the same year attended the King in an expedition to the North.

His son William succeeded to his honours, and rendered important services to the King. For those on the 27th of May, 8th of Edward the Fourth, he was created Earl of Pembroke. He received several grants from the Crown, and was chosen one of the knights companions of the Garter. In the following year an insurrection broke out in the North. Herbert was sent with the Earl of Devonshire, at the head of 18,000 Welshmen, with 8,000 archers, to quell the rebels. Unhappily serious differences arose between the two commanders, and the Earl of Devonshire withdrawing, Pembroke rashly attacked the insurgents with the troops that remained. Most disastrous was the result; he was defeated in the battle of Danes Moore, July 26th, 1469, and made prisoner. The Duke of Clarence and the Earl of Warwick, when they saw him their captive, determined that he should die. He was accordingly ordered to be beheaded, and the sentence was carried into effect the next day, at Banbury. He was succeeded by his eldest son, William, who had married a daughter of the first

Earl. This William gained great favour with Henry the Eighth. His title he exchanged for that of Huntingdon, in 1479, as King Edward wished to confer the earldom of Pembroke on his son, Prince Edward. Henry named him one of his executors, and appointed him to be of the Council to Prince Edward, by whom he was afterwards created Master of the Horse, Knight of the Garter, and Lord President of the marches of Wales. In the year 1551 he was advanced to the dignity of a Baron of the realm, under the title of Lord Herbert, of Cardiff, and on the following day he was made Earl of Pembroke. Upon the death of Edward he immediately appeared among the defenders of Mary. In her service he acted as General with great success, and put down the Kentish rebels.

He was succeeded by Henry, his eldest son, who had three wives. The last was the daughter of Sir Henry Sidney. To her Sir Philip Sidney dedicated his celebrated 'Romance of Arcadia.' She was deemed a lady of great understanding and fine taste. She died at a very advanced age, at her house in Aldersgate street, where divers of the nobility were then accustomed to reside, September 25th, 1621; and the following epitaph was written on her by Ben Jonson:—

"Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse;
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Though, ere thou hast slain another,
Wise and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

He died in 1600, and was succeeded by his elder son, William, who dying April 10th, 1630, the title devolved upon his brother Philip.

This nobleman had been raised to the Peerage as Baron Herbert, of Shurland, in the Isle of Sheppy, county of Kent, and Earl of Montgomery. He was made a Knight of the Garter in 1608. He was one of the gentlemen of the King's Bed-

chamber, and Lord Chamberlain to King Charles I.

The Earl of Pembroke was accused, with six others, of high treason in 1647, on which occasion he made a very singular speech in the House of Lords. Its oddity is amusing, and it gives a striking and melancholy picture of the convulsions that raged in the kingdom, and of the varying humours of the leading actors in the civil war.

"You know I seldom make speeches; yet, my lords, everything would fain live; and now I must either find a tongue, or lose my head. I am accused for sitting here when your lordships fled to the army: alas, my lords, I am an old man, I must sit; you may ride or run any whither, but I am an old man. You voted them traitors who left the house, and went to York; they told us then they were forced away by tumults. Do not you say so too? Were they traitors for going, and am I a traitor for staying? 'Sdeath, my lords, what would you have me do? Hereafter I'll neither go nor stay. I have served you seven years; what have you given me, unless part of a thanksgiving dinner, for which you made me fast once a month? I was fed like a prince at the King's* cost, twice every day, long before some of you were born; and this king† continued, nay, out-did his father in heaping favours upon me; yet (for your sakes) I renounced my master when he had most need of me, voted against him, swore against him, hired men to fight against him; I confess I never struck at him, nor shot at him, but I prayed for those that did: I gave my tenants their leases fine-free, if they would rise and resist the King; and yet, my lords, after all this I must be a traitor. Have not I sworn for you over and over again? You sent me on your errands to Oxford, to Uxbridge, to Newcastle, to Holdenby;‡ you hurried me up and down as if I had been a king;|| you made me carry a world of propositions; I brought them all safe and sound; what you bid me say I spake to a syllable; and had the King asked me how old I was, without your commission I should not have told him; and yet, my lords, I am an old man. Remember how I stuck to you against Strafford and Canterbury;§ some of you shrunk at Strafford's trial, so that your names were like to be posted for malignants; and for Canterbury, many of you would have had him live: my lord of Northumberland and others would have no hand in his blood; but I gave you the casting voice that sent him packing into another world, and yet now would you send me after him. All the other lords left you in the house when Sir Thomas Chaplin gave thanks for your return; but I staid and

prayed with you, and am (for ought I know) as great an Independent as any of you all. I rejoiced with you, fasted, sung psalms, prayed with you, and hereafter will run away with you; nay, I had done it now; but who knew your minds? If you meant I should follow you, why did you not wink upon me? Think you I could run away by instinct? My lords, you know I love dogs, and (though I say it) I thank God I have as good dogs as any man in England. Now, my lords, if a dog follow me when I do not call him, I bid him begone; if I call him, and he comes not, then I beat him; but if I beat him for not coming, when I never called him, you'll think me mad. 'Sdeath, my lords, 'tis a poor dog is not worth the whistling."

The following passages are equally eccentric:—

"As to signing warrants to raise a new army, I wonder you'll speak of it. Have not you all done it a hundred times? How many reams of paper have we subscribed to raise forces for king and parliament? 'Tis well known I can scarce write a word besides my name: can't a man write his own name without losing his head? If I must give account for what I set my hand to, Lord have mercy upon me. I see now my grandfather was a wise man, he could neither write nor read, and happy for me were I so too. Come, come, my lords, be plain and tell me, do I look like one that would raise a new war? I must confess I love a good army, but if there be none till I raise it, soldiers of fortune may change their names. No, my lords, 'twas not I, 'twas the eleven members would have raised a war. You see they were guilty, by their running away; I neither ran with them nor with you; I don't like this running away, I love to stay by it; and whether was for war, I that staid in town, or you that went to an army? The devil of a horse did I list, but in my new coach, nor used any harness but my collar of S.S.; and will you for this clap me in the Tower? You sent me thither six years since, but for handling a standish, and now you'll commit me for writing my name. What, my lords, do you hate learning? Can you not end or begin a parliament without sending me to the Tower? Do your lordships mean to make me a lord mayor? If I needs must go, pray send me home to Baynard's Castle, or Durham House; a damnable fire burnt my house at Wilton, just at that hour I moved your lordships to drive malignants out of London. But why the Tower? Am I company for lions? Do you think me a catamountain, fit to be shown through a grate for twopence? No, my lords, keep the Tower for malignants; they can endure it; some of them have been prisoners seven years; they can feed upon bare allegiance, please themselves with discourses of conscience, of honour, of a righteous cause, and I know not what; but what's this to me? How will these malignants look upon me? Nay, how shall I look upon them? I confess some of them love my son's company, they say he's more a gentleman, and has wit. 'Sdeath, my lords, must I turn gentleman? I thought I had been a peer of the realm; and am I now a gentleman? Let my son keep

* James I.

† Charles I.

‡ At all which places propositions of peace were made to the King.

§ King Charles at this time was carried from place to place, according to the motions of the army, being then the army's prisoner, whom they had taken by force from the Parliament's commissioners.

§ Sir Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and Archbishop Laud, who were both beheaded under the long Parliament.

his wit, his poor father never got twopence for his wit. Alas, my lords, what hurt can I do you? or what good will it do you to have my head? I am but a ward; my Lord Say hath disposed of me this seven years; I am no lawyer, though the Littletons call me cousin; I am no scholar, though I have been their chancellor; I am no statesman, though I was a privy councillor. I know not what you mean by the three estates. Last June the army demanded a release for Lilburn, Musgrove, and Overton: I thought they had been the three. I thank God I have a good estate of my own, and I have the estate of Lord Bayning's children, and I have my Lord Carnarvan's estate; these are my three estates, and yet, my lords, must I to the Tower? Consider, we are but a few lords left; come, let us love and be kind to one another. The cavaliers quarrelled among themselves, beat one another, and lost all; let us be wiser, my lords; for, had we fallen into their condition, my conscience tells me we had looked most wofully."

The first Earl left two natural sons, besides his legitimate offspring; of these sons the elder became Sir Richard Herbert, Knight, of Euyas. The Earl acted a distinguished part, both as a statesman and a soldier. It is recorded of him that he rode, on the 17th February, 1552-3, to his mansion of Baynard Castle, with three hundred horse in his retinue, of which one hundred were gentlemen in plain blue clothes, with chains of gold, and body of a dragon on their sleeves. He died March 17th, 1569-70, and was buried at St Paul's on the 18th of April following, with great magnificence. The mourning given on the occasion of his funeral cost, according to Stowe, no less than 2,000*l*. Henry and William were the next wearers of the title. The latter was succeeded by his younger brother, Philip having previously been created Lord Herbert, of Shurland. Philip, his son, was the next, who was succeeded by his eldest son William, as was the latter by his half brother, who in the time of Charles II married Madame Querouaille, sister to the Duchess of Portsmouth. He died without male issue, and was succeeded by his brother Thomas, the eighth Earl, who was succeeded in 1732-3 by Henry, the ninth Earl, who was followed by his only son Henry, the tenth Earl. His son, George Augustus, the eleventh Earl, died October 26, 1827, and was succeeded in his honours by Robert Henry Herbert, the present Earl, who was born September 19, 1791, and married, August 7, 1814, the Princess Octavia Spinelli, daughter of the Duke of Lorraine, and widow of the Sicilian Prince de Rubari, by whom he has no issue. His lordship's titles are Earl of Montgomery, Baron Herbert of Cardiff, county Glamorgan, Baron Herbert of Shurland, in the Isle of Sheppey, in Kent, Baron Ross, of Kendall, county Westmoreland, Baron Parr Marmion and St Quinten.

ADVENTURES IN AUSTRALIA.

A DESERTED HUSBAND.

THE following autographical narrative we have received from Australia. It is singular, but true. Such a series of ups and downs do not often occur in the history of an individual. Mr Talbot, the writer, was born in 1809. The first years of his mature life were passed in a public office. Retrenchment being the order of the day, he lost his situation, and resolved to visit Australia. Under date of Sydney, Jan. 7, 1842, he thus describes his voyage out, and the painful scenes in which he subsequently acted a part.

We sailed from Gravesend to Portsmouth on the 28th of May, 1833, and from Portsmouth on the 10th of June. The usual monotony of blue water and blue sky was our lot until we got to Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe;—a beautiful spot, rising like an oasis in the desert of waters, attractive to a stranger by the splendid scenery and the snowy-capped Peak raising his tall head and looking like a giant amongst his fellow hills. We took in water here, with fruit, but as the cholera morbus had been raging in England three years before we got there they placed us in quarantine, and would not let us land for fear that we might give them the ugly. We up stick and showed them a loose fore-topsail as soon as possible, and from there to Van Diemen's Land we saw land no more, a distance of nearly 15,000 miles (longer than a voyage to Ramsgate), in 109 days. Shortly after leaving Teneriffe a very suspicious-looking hermaphrodite brigantine hove in sight, and hovered about us for a long time, when we were all placed to quarters, the guns got up, loaded, shotted (we had twelve—four twelve pounders and eight nine-pounders), cartridges got ready, the shot placed round the combings of the hatch, and all in man-of-war style. Your humble servant had charge of six men with small arms on the poop, and such a ragged regiment Falstaff never had. After waiting very patiently for two days, the schooner rounded to under our stern, and when hailed would not answer, but shot a-head of us and lay to. The evening was delightful,—very dark, but the sea had the most beautiful luminous appearance, every wave fringed with beautiful coruscations, as it threw up. All was still, leave-taking of husbands and wives over, and nothing to be heard but the heavy plash of the waves as they dashed against the sides of our gallant barque; suddenly a shout came from the schooner, and instantly her decks were lined with men, while hitherto there was only one solitary individual at the wheel. Then was the word passed on board our ship for silence and to be steady, and when the schooner came within fifty yards alongside us the word was given to fire

our broadside into her, and as she was rather under the counter of our ship all the shot did not take effect, but the scream was rather awful—a few poor wretches went to their long account, and by the rapidity with which we supplied them with a second edition of ditto they evidently took us for a sloop of war, of which class of vessels we had very much the appearance, having the white ensign flying at our mizen peak and a small union at the fore (you must understand that in the darkest night at sea you can always see a considerable distance). The strangers sheered off in the dark, and we heard no more of her until we spoke the 'Drunmore,' from Leith, who informed us that he had seen a schooner with a brig in tow some days before. The battle ended, then was the time when jolly tars and courageous landsmen boasted of their feats, and said what they would have done if the pirate had only come on board. I really do believe that one individual, a lame bumble-footed tailor, would have greased his head and swallowed him whole, such is the valour of man when the danger is over. Nothing material took place until one fine morning one of the seamen caught a fish, called a bineta, which he sold to one of the steerage passengers for some rum, when they all got drunk, and refused to go to their duty; one fellow came aft, when the captain desired him to leave the quarter-deck, and, on his refusing, ordered him to be placed in irons. While this little interesting process was going on, the rest came aft in a body and demanded their shipmate, arming themselves at the same time with handspikes, fids, and anything that first came to hand. In this mutinous attempt they were joined by the steerage passengers, and it was not until after considerable difficulty that they would resume the duties of the ship. On the 17th of October there was an unusual bustle on the decks, caused by a sailor shouting land oh! though to our unpractised eyes there appeared nothing but a heavy cloud as far as the eye could reach. This was our wished-for haven, the south-west Cape of Van Diemen's Land; but the wind being contrary, and having a lee shore, we were driven off the coast until the morning of the 22nd of October, when we sailed up the Derwent, the land of our hopes now before us, and certainly for a land of promise I never saw so unpromising a spot; huge basaltic rocks covered with nothing, and altogether as dreary a looking place as you would wish to settle in. Proceeding further up the Derwent, the rich and verdant banks of that splendid river displayed themselves in all their beauty, decked with the verdure of lovely spring, and all the balmy atmosphere of a southern clime. In these distant regions the sun is in the north at

noon, and comfortably he scorches you. We landed on the morning of the 23rd at Hobart Town, and I think even now a more romantic neighbourhood I never saw. I here presented my letters, and found them of no avail, no, not even for a dinner; so much for letters of recommendation. I waited on Sir George Arthur, then Governor, a gentlemanly sort of humbug enough, but most clever at putting people off. Thus situated in a foreign land, what was to be done? Our wits went to work, we were invited to a party, Mrs T. sang in her best style, everybody was in raptures, and she must sing at the ensuing concert, for which she got ten guineas for two songs. This was an introduction to public life, and as I could not remain idle, I was asked by a gent. to see if it were possible to get up any sort of theatrical entertainment, in which, after much labour and trouble, I succeeded; and on the 24th of December, in the same year, he opened a large room fitted up as a theatre. Here our success was unbounded, and everything went on well until a rupture occurred between the manager's lady and Mrs T., which caused a division. At this time we were moving in the first society in the island, and I may say our company much courted—Maria's conduct the most circumspect. On the 3rd of March we sailed from Hobart Town to Sydney, in the brigantine 'Currency Lass,' a colonial craft, and after a pleasant passage of four days arrived in New South Wales. Port Jackson, the harbour, is reckoned one of the finest in the world, and I thought the scenery and the *tout ensemble* of the place approaching more nearly to the fabled regions of Elysium than anything that was ever dreamed of in my philosophy. Here an engagement for her ensued at the Sydney theatre, and on my presenting myself to Sir Richard Bourke, he appointed me to a situation in the office of the principal superintendent of convicts, where I remained nearly twelve months, until, maddened by Maria's conduct, I quitted the colony, with the feelings more of a demon than a man. My hours of business, from nine till five, gave every opportunity for the advances of designing villains, who, under the mask of friendship, were visiting at my house and undermining my happiness by weaning my wife's affections from me. It was not until I was arrested for a debt of hers, and thrown into the common gaol, that I awoke to the real state of my misery. She who should have been the soother of my trouble, and have sympathized with me, was riding heartlessly in a carriage with one of these pretended friends, and my hands fast by being a prisoner. Through the kindness of a true friend, and one who has on every occasion proved himself so to me, I was liberated,

and when I returned to my home I found it desolate—the things sold, my wife flown, and I thus cruelly robbed and a beggar. Revenge then seized me, and borrowing a fast horse from a friend, I galloped to Parramatta, a distance of fifteen miles from Sydney, goading on the poor beast, while I was perfectly frantic, until he fell with me and severely injured me. Three days did I lay senseless, and on my recovery I adopted more cool measures, and by great manœuvring discovered her abode. When I called she was not at home; the man who opened the door did not know me, he said she was gone for a ride with her paramour on the South Head road. This was enough for me. I procured a horse, and arming myself with a heavy brass-handled hunting whip, patiently took my position in the bush, and had not long to wait before I saw them both on horseback coming down the road. Never shall I forget the demon spirit that enraged me; at this distance of time I feel sick when I think of the horrible feelings that animated me: guess, as I tell you what occurred, what they must have been. She was riding on the side of the road nearest where I was, and as they passed I plunged my spurs into the horse, burying them above the withers, and so great was the violence with which I came against the horse she was riding, that both her and the horse were thrown down with great violence, and, as I afterwards heard, she was nearly killed. My horse was brought up by her paramour's—I struck one blow, and but one, but it was one that few men would live to tell the tale of. As luck would have it, I only struck with the side and not with the hammer. I caught him on the head—I saw him fall—I saw them both lying in the road bleeding, and I laughed—yes, I actually laughed; but I could not have touched her for worlds—no, there she lay, for aught I knew or cared, dead. I immediately returned to Sydney, and to save myself from the hands of the police, I that night went on board the 'Maria' for Hobart Town, where I landed in May, 1835, with four shillings in my pocket, amongst strangers. Having had some success before on the stage, I rejoined the company as manager, and became the favourite of the town. I received a letter soon afterwards from a friend who knew of my residence in Hobart Town, that neither of them were killed, though both desperately hurt. They did not even know me, for the advertisement offering rewards for my apprehension gave the wrong colour to the horse, and described me as a bushranger. Thus I escaped.

I wrote repeatedly to her to inquire about the child, but could never get an answer. Then it was that I felt truly wretched; the black ox had struck on

my threshold, and I was friendless and without a home. Soon after I went to Launceston, where I met the Governor's nephew, Mr Arthur, with whom I was intimate, and who was collector of customs; he gave me a situation in his office, which I had hoped to retain for some time at least, but being obliged to go to Hobart Town, as a witness in the Supreme Court, on my return I found new faces in all the seats. The bubble had burst, without any notice had the Home Government superseded us, by gentlemen sent from England, and thus was I again adrift on the world, with nine pounds to fight my way. I then went to Hobart Town, where I joined the theatre with great success, excepting benefits, for on those occasions it was always sure to be wet. Many strange ups and downs did I have in this course of life; one day a gentleman, the next a beggar; still my heart never failed me. About this time, and as I told you, I would relate all facts, I met a young woman, who is now living in London. I was ill, she nursed me, and paid great attention, and as I had no wife, my conduct needs some palliative, she was at once nurse, wife, and everything to me; she lived with me for nearly two years, when an opportunity occurring, I prevailed on her to return to England, where she now is. I do not wish to wound the feelings of any of you, but I cannot pass over this portion of my history without saying that to that unfortunate girl I owe my life. When the theatre failed I kept the tavern attached to it, and there, while going on successfully, as if misfortune was ever to be in my path, the house was put in Chancery, and I obliged to close my doors. Driven again on the world, I went to Launceston, where I got a situation as clerk in a lawyer's office, at thirty shillings per week, and as my board and lodging only cost me sixteen out of it, I thought I should be able to lay by something; but how ridiculous are all human calculations, the first Saturday night I got ten shillings for wages, and after starving in his employ for three months, I left him in my debt seven pounds. I then practised as an agent in the Court of Requests there, but, as if the devil was in the people, nobody would get in debt, so that was no go. As I had heard no definite news from Sydney for so long a time, I determined to return, and, proceeding to Hobart Town, embarked in the Yankee ship 'Tybee,' and arrived in Sydney on the 26th of June, 1839. Mine has been a life of adventure—while coming up the harbour, a vessel, bound for London, the 'Lucretia,' caught fire, and was burned. On landing this time in Sydney, with my wardrobe in a pocket handkerchief, and the enormous sum of two shillings in my pocket, after paying my passage, I

stalked through the busy scene, wondering what would come next, and fancying every fellow I met was a bailiff. I met a friend in the street, who told me, over a glass of grog, that I had better be off, for I should only be annoyed by her conduct, which now was too notorious to mention; but for me, who had braved in many instances the futile attempts of false friends to injure, to return without obtaining my object was too good a joke. On passing by a house I saw a fat fellow standing at the door. "Halloo!" says he, "you, sir, with the bundle, there, where are you going?"—"Halloo!" said I, equally astonished, "inside your house, to be sure, for I am pretty sharp set, seeing I've had no dinner."—"Dinner be d—d," says he, "come on, while I've got sixpence, old boy, you know threepence is yours." Accordingly I went in, and the cordial and warm reception I met with from my old friend, Jack Meredith, and his not very handsome, but for all that a good, wife, does honour to that worthy pair—long may they live in peace and happiness; poor Jack and I saw some rough work in the bush in Van Diemen's Land, and as we have both learnt to work, so much the better for us. Two days after I met the dame flaunting through the street, and I do not envy her feelings at that moment. I did not speak, nor notice her, but a message was brought to me to meet her. I did, and demanded the child; I gave her till seven that evening to make up her mind, when I told her if she did not give up the girl to me, or tell me where she was, I would visit her at her house, as I knew I should be welcome. Receiving no answer at seven, I proceeded to her domicile, and the door was opened by a gentleman, who inquired my business; I requested him to step outside, and I would tell him; he came out of course, so I gave him a poke behind, and walked in, shutting the door after me. She then, I believe, was tolerably frightened, and said, if I would be quiet, she would tell me where Maria was; but another friend advised her not to tell the scoundrel; as he was somewhere about six feet long I took a chair to him, and as we say colonially, made him "close up a muckah," which, in plain English, means that I floored him with the chair, and as I found that it was likely to be an awkward weapon, I took the liberty of breaking off one of the legs, furnishing myself, by this means, with a very pretty little shillelah; at it we went, tooth and nail, and I can't say that the drums and trumpets sounded, but the women screamed, and the men swore, and I fought, and kicked, and flourished my leg of a chair about in a most astounding way, until I was master of the field. My God! says one, take care, he is mad; and so I was,

for I can assure you I never hit with such right good will in my life; as I found one of the enemy still on the floor, and as I was not quite certain he was not dead, and as in that case it would be necessary to bury him, I thought I would give him a decent funeral, so I kicked over the table with a lot of knickknacks, shells, and glasses on it, by way of a coffin, and gave him some chairs and the sofa for a shroud and pall. Then came the fun—I, standing like a maniac, and the interesting wife, on bended knees, with hair dishevelled and distilling briny tears, imploring her affectionate husband to be quiet for one minute, and she would tell him where his daughter was. This was glorious, that I, single-handed and unarmed, could clear the house of four men, and bring a violent shrew to my feet: who would have thought it? it seems so ridiculous, I can't help laughing at it now. I obtained my object, got my child, and got rid of her, for I never spoke to her after, nor did she think fit to trouble me—so much for that. Well, after remaining six weeks out of employ (here comes the gist, and proves at once what a blackguard, wretch, swindler, scoundrel, villain, I must have been), I was sent for to Hyde-park barracks, and the chief clerk asked me what I was doing, and if I should like to return to my old situation in the principal superintendent's office? "Yes," said I.—"Well, then," says Mr Ryan, "I will speak to Capt. McLean, the present principal superintendent, and see if I can get you back." He was as good as his word; and, to the astonishment of everybody, even my own well-wishers, was I, after resigning the situation, and being absent from the colony four and a half years, with a character vilified in every way by these despicable wretches, who so ardently and earnestly tried to work my ruin, restored to the very same situation I had previously held; and after two years and a half that I have now held it, received again in society as a gentleman, holding a situation of trust and responsibility; and I am now satisfied that, from my good conduct, whenever a vacancy again occurs, it is mine. I have already been promoted four times, and I begin to suspect there is something now like the dawn of future prosperity breaking through the clouds. Mrs T. sailed for Calcutta, in the 'Charles Jones,' with a Monsieur Layeteau, captain of a whaling vessel; and after a few capers there, leading a most infamous life, for her conduct was so bad that they would not receive her on the stage, she expired, as I have before told you, in misery, on the 13th of last May—may her sins lay lightly on her, she has much to answer for.

The
L
THIS
chiefly
twenty
to be
taken
month
ability
ing o
fects
humana
When
scour
creatu
much
which
Club
too li
produ
Peter
story
extra
serve
period
Hair
"I
prouc
and to
it; t
shoul
with
and
which
ornam
incon
life
advan
custo
cauti
'beca
no oc
"V
hair
the c
ing e
"
in w
alluc
for t
com
king
thou
that
the
note
the
cont
Pete
then
by t
The
mor
have
yiel
and
hau
dest

Reviews.

The Hesperus: a Monthly Periodical of Literature and Art. G. Purkess.

THIS magazine, said to be devoted chiefly to the productions of writers under twenty-one years of age, although much to be discredited when the articles are taken into consideration, evinces this month (the third of its age) considerable ability in many of its essays. The opening one, 'On late Hours of Business,' reflects credit on the author, as much in a humane point of view, as in a literary one. When youth attacks the bane, under the scourge of which thousands of our fellow creatures are pining, maturity may do much in ridding us of many of the evils by which we are surrounded. The 'Twiddle Club' is humorous and well written, but too little is given of it in this number to produce a happy effect. The character of Peter Doubleday is well drawn, and the story, *in toto*, augurs well. The following extract cannot fail to please, and will serve to give an idea of the merits of this periodical. It is from an essay on 'Long Hair':—

"It is said that the ancient Britons were proud of the length and beauty of their hair, and took great pains in dressing and colouring it; they were particularly anxious that it should never be touched by a slave, nor stained with their blood. The Anglo-Saxons, also, and the Danes, continued to wear long hair, which they considered one of their greatest ornaments, though it often proved a source of inconvenience in battle; many a valuable life might have been saved, and many an advantage secured, had they followed the custom of the Abantes, who took the precaution of having all the military shaved, 'because their enemies in warre should have no occasion to pluck them by the heare.'

"William the Conqueror's long and fine hair was not forgotten by his poet, who, after the conquest of Britain, produced the following epigram:—

"*Cæsarium Cæsar tibi si natura negavit,
Hanc Willelme tibi stella comata dedit;*"

in which, says Camden, 'it may seeme he alluded to the baldness of Julius Cæsar, who for that cause used a lawrell garland, to the comete appearing before his conquest of this kingdom, portending the same as it was thought, and to the manner of the French in that time: among whom long bushie haire was the signale marke of Majestie, as Agathias noteth when as all subjects were rounded, and the kings only long-haired. Which custome continued among the French kings untill Peter Lombard, Bishop of Paris, dissuaded them from it, and among ours, as appeareth by their scales, until King Henry the Fifth.' The former of these circumstances led to more important results than could possibly have been anticipated; for Louis le Jeune, in yielding to the solicitations of the prelate, and parting with his royal locks, offended his haughty queen, Leonor of Poitou: he had destroyed the associations of centuries, and

become odious in her sight. Hence arose her intrigues with Saladin, her subsequent marriage with Henry II of England (who assumed, therefore, the titles of Lord of Normandy, of Maine, of Anjou, of Touraine, of Poitou, and of Aquitaine), and the repeated hostilities which have since caused so much bloodshed between the two nations."

"TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE."

(Song by J. Miller, written in 1744.)

A fool enjoys the sweets of life,

Unwounded by its cares;

His passions never are at strife,

He hopes, not he, nor fears.

If Fortune smile, as smile she will,

Upon her booby brood,

The fool anticipates no ill,

But reaps the present good.

Or should, through love of change, her wheels

Her fav'rite bantling cross,

The happy fool no anguish feels,

He weighs nor gains nor loss.

When knaves o'erreach, and friends betray,

Whilst men of sense run mad,

Fools, careless, whistle on and say,

'Tis silly to be sad.

Since free from sorrow, fear, and shame,

A fool thus fate defies,

The greatest folly I can name

Is to be over-wise.

Miscellaneous.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.—Andrew Horner and Burns were pitted against each other to write poetry. An epigram was the subject chosen, because, as Andrew internally argued, "it is the shortest of all poems." In compliment to him, the company resolved that his own merits should supply the theme. He commenced—

"In seventeen hunder thretty-nine"—

and he paused. He then said, "Ye see, I was born in 1739 (the real date was some years earlier), so I mak' that the commencement." He then took pen in hand, folded his paper with a conscious air of authorship, squared himself to the table, like one who considered it no trifle even to write a letter, and slowly put down, in good round hand, as if he had been making out a bill of parcels, the line—

"In seventeen hunder thretty-nine;"

but beyond this, after repeated attempts, he was unable to advance. The second line was the Rubicon he could not pass. At last, when Andrew Horner reluctantly admitted that he was not quite in the vein, the pen, ink, and paper, were handed to his antagonist. By him they were rejected, for he instantly gave the following, *à la* voce:—

"In seventeen hunder thretty-nine,

The Deil gat stuff to mak' a swine,

And pit it in a corner;

But, shortly after, changed his plan,

Made it to something like a man,

And called it Andrew Horner!"

Ainsworth's Magazine.

ON THE FEAST INTENDED TO BE GIVEN TO
THE SAILORS OF NELSON.

When we Jack Tars are to be fed
In festive style is not yet known;
Some say for grog, and meat, and bread,
'Tis meant to give us only stone.
But can a nation's grateful smile
So soon get a penurious chill,
That all the honours of the Nile
For us must be reduced to Nil?

A GREENWICH PENSIONER.

The Gatherer.

Apple-tree Mussel-shells.—The little animals sticking to the bark of the apple-trees are so similar to mussel-shells, that Geoffrey called them *Le Kermes en ecaille de moule*. Sometimes they are crowded together in immense multitudes in every possible position, even lying one over another. Their scales are hard, dark, and shining; they are exceedingly like a minute mussel-shell.

Importance of attending to the Stomach.—The kitchen, that is, your stomach, being out of order, the garret (pointing to the head) cannot be right, and egad! every room in the house becomes affected. Repair the injury in the kitchen,—remedy the evil there, and all will be right. This you must do by diet. If you put improper food into your stomach, by Gad you play the very devil with it, and with the whole machine besides. —*Abernethy.*

Nelson's Column.—The figure of Nelson was quietly lifted to the top of the column, where it is to stand, on Saturday last. As yet the scaffolding has not been removed, so that it cannot be said to have been opened to the public, as all that is to be seen is a cocked-hat beneath a flag, said to be the same which waved over the hero of Trafalgar when he died in the arms of victory.

Irish Wit.—A gentleman travelling through Ireland with a very stout companion had occasion to hire a jaunting-car, and having agreed with the driver for half-a-crown, he stepped back to the inn where he was staying and called his fat friend. The driver, as soon as he caught a glimpse of the enormous dimensions of his fare, walked up to the head of his horse, and holding up the tattered lapets of a worn-out jacket, said, "Whist, sir, get up as lightly as you can, will'ee?" "What, is your beast skittish?" asked the gentleman, "No, sir," with an inimitable shrewd leer, "but if he saw the big gentleman had most likely say—whist, Pat, but it ought to be five shillings."

Honesty the best Policy.—The booksellers in America, who have been in the habit of pirating English books, finding themselves similarly treated by the newspaper proprietors, are now earnest to have

literary property protected. A memorial on the subject is about to be laid before Congress, which states that "the present law regulating literary property is seriously injurious, both to the advancement of American literature, and to that very extensive branch of American industry which comprehends the whole mechanical department of book-making."

Impetuous Gallantry of Charles I.—The Spanish customs refused Charles, when in Spain, an interview with the princess it was proposed that he should marry, but he was allowed a glance on the Prado, and a fuller view at the theatre, where he stood with his eyes immovably fixed upon the Infanta for half an hour together. He watched her progress from church to church, and tracked her carriage through the streets; and once, when she went to the Casa di Campo to gather maydew, he rose before the sun, and, accompanied by Endymion Porter, explored the house and garden, pursued his way to the orchard, and found his passage obstructed by a wall and a double-bolted door. Winged like another Cupid, he speedily scaled the wall, espied the lady, and leaping down, flew towards the alarmed and screaming Infanta, and only consented to retire on the earnest entreaties of her aged attendant, who declared her life was at stake. —*D'Israeli.*

BROKEN TIES.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above;
And every pang that rends the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a safer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

M. A.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Observatory."—Our correspondent is remiss in his reading. He will find that in China there is a fine observatory, erected at Peking in the time of the late Emperor. It was by the advice of a Father Verbest, a Jesuit missionary, that it was undertaken, whom the Emperor appointed his astronomer Imperial. The instruments are upon a magnificent scale. Those of note are an armillary sphere, and an azimuthal horizon, each of six feet diameter; a quadrant, and a sextant, each of eight feet radius; and a celestial globe, six feet in diameter. The Brahmins have an observatory at Benares, built about two hundred years since, by Emperor Akbar, for the improvement of the arts. He wished to recover the sciences of Hindoutan; he therefore ordered an observatory to be erected at Delhi, Agra, and Benares. "A Five-years' Subscriber" is informed that provided he makes his model without any support but its own material, and dries it gradually, there will be no danger of its cracking. Nothing can be added to the clay with advantage.

LONDON: Published by JOHN MORTIMER, Adelaide Street, Trafalgar Square; and Sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.
Printed by C. KEYSELL, 16 Little Pulteney street, and at the Royal Polytechnic Institution.